

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Original Way"

Intro:[KRS]

Yes all ruffneck youth hold tight

all brooklyn man hold tight

all Uptown crew hold tight

all Bronx man seckle

I.C.U. in da house, Darren in da house

D Square in da house, Freddie Foxx in da house

Kenny Parker you know you run beats for years

It's the Blastmaster KRS One stompin all sucka dj crew

Of course you hear all commercialized album

but we come down ruffneck and wicked in the B.D.P. laboratory

On the sex and violence tip this year for 1992

Lick all shots

BOUYAKA!

All crew hold tight...nuff respect

nuff respect to all hardcore dj

no respect to all commercial dj

we bust shots all the way over to the west coast...see

now we gonna come down ruffneck, for the day

cuz its because B.D.P. crew dont play

Come Down! Kenny Parker cuz you know you a ruffneck

A one-two yeah, one-two hah and ya dont stop

we gon rock this beat til ya drop

now we gon kick it a lil somethin like this yall

we got Freddie Foxx and Krs One on the microphone

something ya not, ya not ready for as of yet

Now check it out

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

EPMD dem have a title(TITLE)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-dong, de dong-dong diggide

de dong-dong, de dong-dong, de dong-dong diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

now Freddie Foxx...you know you get ill jus

get on the mic cuz your programmed to kill!

[Freddie FOXX]

Check this shit out, this is for my man Blastmaster Krs One

and if you ever have a son, Im a buy him a gun

Check this out

Give that microphone

so I can take it to the front line
cuz In a rap war, I shoot off rhymes
and sound off a park like an M-16
when I hit the scene, suckas turn green
cuz I take the microphone and then I disrespect it
and then I dissect it,
put it back together
lyrics or knuckles man whatever
cuz you tried to step into a lyrical punch
I had you all for lunch and took a shit
out came a hit,
you suckas betta quit
Fuckin wit Freddie Foxx you get licked
now listen all respect due to the Blastmaster Krs One
Now Im done.....

[krs]

yes but of course, you could never be done
because we a de number 1
so check it out...

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE!)

Nice and Smooth has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Check it out...

[Krs]

Now all type things that went on this evening

they all say they fresh but I'm here now

who you believin

who couldn't hear a hit if you hit up

what a pity, you tried to be quick wit the tongue

your style is dibbie-dibbie

you need no lyrical rush in your mumblin

whatchu sayin?

I serve you up like stove top stuffing

Im gonna say this once and I mean this

disattach yaself from my penis

give my genitals room to breathe

you take shots at me wit a weak album I cant believe

you got no skills, chill plus your corny

you think your hardcore cuz you got a 40?

my car is not tint

I dont eat wit a chip

when I read I dont squint

in real life I got the hard shit

you cant out grow me

you don't even know me

I be leavin the jam wit your black ass as a trophy

this is nobodys style but the teacher

so dont compare me to none of these creatures, features

feature and battle rappers

krs one is the head clapper

Chorus

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Kid Capri have a title

Buck! Buck! Buck!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Outro:

Yes all roughneck youth hold tight

1992 style and we come down roughneck and wicked

rock all night rip up the mic

now we take you over to Kid Capri up in the park

Come Down Kid Capri

[Kid Capri]

Ladies and Gentlemen without further adue

put your hands together for my motherfuckin main man

ooh..ha ha ha..you know where that comes from right??

that comes from the parties and blowin up

Ladies and Gentlemen my peoples

B D P

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Duck Down"

You say ah-one for the trouble, two for the time
Ah-come on y'all, let's rock that...

Duck! or wind up down!!

Fiyah! huh

Pal joey in the house, d square in the house
Check it out

You're stuck up, your luck's up, you fucked up, you're mud up
You can't even jump up, so shut the fuck up
Whattup? tough love, buck buck bucka
Is all you're gonna hear when krs-one step up
I'm thick like syrup, no, I'm not ? kura?
Sit back and relax and watch the krs era
No I won't let up, because of how I'm set up
I come in the jam with the crazy fresh lyrics so you get up
Mc's get wet up, they met up with atypical
Subliminal, I'm original metaphysical criminal minder
Fighter, petty gangster that flips em neither
I simply grab the mic and make the party get liver
I'ma, rhymers, with a tim-er attack
To your mind, a reminder of what kind of headliner
You'll see, when you come to the show
Blastmaster krs-one, leo -- the lion
Cryin mc's they be cryin
When they sizzle in a big pot grease beggin, "please, please!"
But I'll be efficient and flexin wisdom cuisine
Then dismiss it as kris and kenny
Rockin many, good n plenty
Any mc tests me gets done
Lyrically hung, I surgically remove his tongue
Lyrics by krs-one

Duck! sucker mc's duck!

Bo! duck down!

Sucker mc's duck!

Duck! sucker mc's duck down!

I don't battle to lose or win, I battle
To ruin your whole career, yo, watch what you doin
I'm permanent punk, like a metallic marker
Krs-one, but you'll call me mr. parker
A pity I'm k-r, you ain't no superstar

Ha ha hee hee, blastmaster krs-one be
Ripping up mc's with their meaningless words, y'know
There's more wit, to one of my turds of shit
You ain't shit, you never was shit
So I spit, on your number one hit, now quit!
Leave the poetry, it's just too strong for thee
Maybe we should rethink the strategy see
Poetry I speak, fluently I think youse a sucker
Cause the only word you know is motherfucker
Yo, you don't see a whole race in bondage
No, you grab the microphone and feed em garbage
Yo, everything about me is fresher than fresher
Than fresher than fresh, of course it's krs
Flashing lyrics, metaphysics, unlike you idiots
Be doing, I'm pursuing, chewing your whole crew
And what you feel like doin, your face they be ungluin
Like a gift, don't step to krs, you're dismissed!

Duck! duck!
Sucker mc's duck down!
Duck! bo!
Ree-winnnnnd!!

Duck! bo!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Drug Dealer"

All over the world...

Chorus:

Black drug dealer, you have to wise up
And organize your business so that we can rise up
If your gonna sell crack then don't be a fool
Organize your money and open up a school

Verse one:

Drug dealer, understand historical fact
Every race got ahead from sellin drugs except black
We are under attack, here comes another cold fact
In the 30's and 40's a drug dealer wasn't black
They were jewish, italian, irish, polish, etc. etc.
Now in 90 their live's a lot better
They'll sell you a sweater, a pair of pants cold hearted
But first sellin drugs and killin people is how they started
Drug dealer, black and hispanic, stop killin one another
Cause in the ghetto we're all brothers
Organized economically, understand the psychology
America is the drug monopoly
They own the block and kill your brother for
Therefore, we got the same enemy - what's more, I go on tour
But who do you think picks up the bill?
A hard workin fireman? chill

Repeat chorus 2x

Verse two:

Eighty percent of american business is created illegally
This is a fact I don't ask you to believe in me
If you're really in the drug game to win it
Eventually you're gonna get shot, open a clinic
Again, if you're really in the drug game to win it
Invest in a prison, therefore you can be put in it
Everyone else did it now they chillin
Above the law, while your under the law still killin
One another, wake up my hispanic brother, my african brother
America's not your mother
Or your father, so don't bother with right or wrong

Just check out the logic in the song
Organize, realize, become un hypnotized
To the lies that your livin for the get high
See many people have forgotten the fact
That america was never ever built for black
So when some people are gonna run and buy crack
Take the money and put it back into black
It's only logic, see krs-one will rock it
With knowledge, education for the people I'll never stop it
Organize and legitimize your business
Remember, everybody else did this

Repeat chorus 2x

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Like A Throttle"

[krs-one]

snapping fingers and singing

Ha ha, hah hah! da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?

Gotta be out of your fuckin mind

Krs-one is the don, seen?

Come down kenny park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know

I don't know what your management be tellin you

I don't know what your producers be tellin you

But yo, you step this way

You're gettin played, out of position

So let me give you a little style

Check it out

Everytime krs-one steps in the jam

The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand

Brooklyn's ready uptown's in the house

Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out

That's it! none of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's

You either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics

But mc's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful

None of em lyrical but their ego is critical

Like I said I'm not a muslim but to allah I'm obedient

Some mc's on the mic become muslims when it's convenient

And I've seen it!

Real muslims praise allah, and they mean it

Others are dreamin it with sex me and do me and

I'd rather listen to the brand nubians

You know it's funny everybody wants money

And material things from cars and chicken wings

When they sing, they sing for the cash

They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash

You get respect by bein creative

And yes a native to your audience, so you know reality

In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?

If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?

If you believe in allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?

All of this is incorrect

First should always come respect

The charts are not equal to the respect of the people

Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model
 Right on stage, you'll get a bottle
 You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

 I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me
 I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe
Don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry
 You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry
 You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy
 But I'm a parker so I'll play you like monopoly
 Don't entertain the thought of droppin me
 To think of me as anything less than your teacher
 Crazy you got to be
 These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily
 I rip it up constantly
 You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

 The teacher will come, again and again and again and again
 To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend
 So-when-their-lyrics-finish-krs-one-just-begin
Ripping up sucker teachers put their courage to an end
 So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better
 Forever too clever for a petty mc in leather
 Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync
 The lyrics I write, help me think
To guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face
 And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace
 Just in case, get the fuck out my face I run this place
 You're lucky you're from the same race
 A simple technique will keep you on beat
With the style from the street you compete with the elite
 That's weak -- flashin gold and can't speak
 I seek the direction of the brown complexion
 So every year, I appear somewhere
 That you hear my dear to get one thing clear
 Whether on welfare or millionaire
 Don't step to this here or you outta here
 Allow me now to please change the gear
? and-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-feared, come!?
 ? we come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?
 Let's get back to the hip-hop
 You come into the place you can't look in my face
 Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height
 See there are millions of stars in the sky
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye
 Why, the reason is the sun is the sun
 You can't possibly rock, until I'm done
And finished, and like the evening I'll fade

But when I return you'll cry for more shade
So check the dancestyle cause I am not
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!
But instead bring intellect pon ting
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap
But kenny parker ain't tryin to hear that

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Build & Destroy"

[kenny]yeah.. whoo! aiyyo will?
[will]whassup kenny?
[kenny]i got a serious problem man
[will]what's the problem?
[kenny]yo after all these years of rippin shit
These suckers still try to front!
[will]but check this out we've been on tour
With everybody so I don't know why they frontin
[kenny]everybody!
Y'all be in every party I be in every jam
I see they faces and they look at me and front
[will]they come to every show and know we
Break shit up all the time
[kenny]you know what.. yo kris, what's your opinion?

[krs-one]
Yo, I love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me
Rearrange me, tame me, try to game me, you don't play me
When I grab the mic then shock the party spot
Your rhymes are flip-flop, I'll rock, hip-hop
Non-stop, me nah stop rock
You can touch this, but you'll get shot
Now what's this all about? kris and humanity
In my face you're happy, on vinyl you're mad at me
Yo, pro-blackness is your solution
But I don't really know about that style you using yo
Too many teachers in the class spoil the class
After awhile you got blabbering fucking fools
That's worse than always talking about sex, let's build
It ain't enough to study clarence 13x
The white man ain't the devil I promise
You want to see the devil take a look at clarence thomas
Now you're saying, "who? " like you a owl
Throw in the towel, the devil is colin powell
You talk about being african and being black
Colin powell's black, but libya he'll attack
Libya's in africa, but a black man
Will lead a black man, to fight against his homeland
An accomplice to the devil is a devil too
The devil is anti-human, who the hell are you?
I lecture and rap without rehearsal
I manifest as a black man but I'm universal
The capital k, small r-i-s

Capital p, small a-r, capital k, small e-r

We are, the star

Without the use of a car we go far

I build and destroy!

[kenny]yeah kris, serve em man, serve em!

[will]yo why're they so jealous of bdp?

[kenny]i don't know will.. yo don't get mad, get fresh man!

[will]word

[krs]don't ever try to challenge bdp!

[kenny]man.. just shut the fuck up and listen!

[krs-one]

This shit is crazy! your remarks don't faze me!

People have a problem with me, cause I ain't lazy

I talk on vinyl then I act

What have you done, besides critique krs-one?

I create organizations

Without organization, there'll be no black nation

What the fuck are you really saying?

You ain't a human while your music's boomin anti-human

I'm assumin -- if you ain't human you're a beast

The white man could be the devil all the day, that's the least

What are you doing for yourself black man?

Trying hard to be the original man - who?

The first man, with the first tan, on the first land

With the first clan, who gives a damn? ? ? !

In history krs is well advised

But it's something that my brain won't memorize

I don't base my whole life on memory

I base my life on my spirit and body chemistry

Africa is the home of humanity

Which makes the african a humanist, challenge me

You gotta learn not to be so concerned

With the original man, and see the criminal man, yeah!

The now man, with the now plan, with the now tan

With the right now genocide master plan

Damn! we gotta think about stopping this

God is not any black man on the land; God is conciousness

When you understand this you'll see kris

Until then, you can get dissed

I'm not your prophet, messiah, minister, or savior

Chill with that I'll behavior

I zero in like a laser

You're cuttin your wrists with a razor

I got all type of flavors

Yes I am the original teacher

You gotta study the qu'ran, torah, bahavaghita

The bible, five baskets of buddha zen

And when you've read them shits, read them shits again!
But watch what you're repeatin
If you don't know the history of the author
You don't know what you're reading!
Yeah I'm still the original
Leaving mc's lyrically miserable
Their criminal syllables are minimal, show me respect boy
Cause I build and destroy!

[kenny]now.. after all that
If anybody out there still got beef, check it out
We rip the lecture tours, we rip the beats
We rip the jams, we'll straight up rip that ass
Knowhati'msayin will?
[will]word!
[krs]yeah it seems they all forgot
On the mic you'll get fucked up
In the clubs you'll get fucked up
Anywhere bronx brooklyn queens manhattan
Jersey japan staten isle.. yo anywhere you'll get fucked up
Don't you know we live for the battle?
I'm outta here
Yo cut that beat off

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ruff Ruff"

[krs-one] * voice echoing*
Think you dope? want this title?
Then you better come step up or step off!

[freddie foxxx]
Yo check this out, all jokes aside
Let's get busy

[krs-one]
Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house
Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta
You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

[freddie foxxx]
Worrrrrrrd up! aiyyo check this out
This is freddie f-o-x-x-x
And guess what's next

[krs-one]
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat
But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat
When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back
Then me, fly all around the emcee world
Krs, the artical, is not to be [*changes from patois*]
Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with
Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff
But when you say kris, already derivative of kris
My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)
As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack
Set back, your career, like a quarterback
That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat
Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)
I'm all that, come with your whole pack
You'll be prayin to the God of isaac
So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough [uh-huh]
Just, get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[freddie foxxx]

Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop
It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx
(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk
Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)
I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like
I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic
I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip
(suckers) that wanna be pimps
How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass
If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't
Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see
Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess
Open hearts on the floor as I explore
Rappers that wanted to be more than number four
Number one's a hard spot; either you fight
Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)
Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades
And I aim to get paid!
So who wanna step to this, don't come soft
Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)
And when the cops come to get me
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that
They know my style, and my rep, every stage
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids
And I wanna raise em to face me
And when they get a little bigga
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice
Another rapper and his family with no life
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream
Oh God damn, it's like _silence of the lambs_
But I don't mangle em and eat em
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em
It gets much worse, with every verse
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims
You suckers know my name!
Aiiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what?)
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

This is the year that I go all out (why?)
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)
Now let me drop the style that has action
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha
Chewin suckers like smuckers
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers
Yeah, I'm like the movie _aliens_
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me
Bam! my head comes out your chest
A mutilated mess of nastyness
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water
Evian, I pull the string then
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on
Soupin up mc's to battle on song
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic
Love and respect is the tactic
Bam! in your motherfuckin face
Krs in the place
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway
(fi-yah!)

[freddie foxxx]

Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?
And for all your suckers out there
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack
You know what I mean? (word) word!

[krs-one]

You know why?

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

[freddie foxxx]

Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers * echoes *

[krs-one]

Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrr! * echoes to fade *

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"13 & Good"

I walked in the place very big space
Every kind of race dancin' and niggas made chase
A very pretty face, feel the bass
Basses kick, flygirl jumps on my tip
The drink that I sip implies this it it
She looked to be about 26 I ain't dizzy
It's time to get busy!!
Welcome female is in my arms.
Overwhelmed by my playboy charms
We jumped in the ride rushed to the crib
I ain't gotta explain what we did
Built to last I simply waxed that
Ax the question, no need for guessin'
Hey baby, how old are you?
21 24 maybe 22
I'm twenty five
She shucked and kinda neeghed
And said, "hee, hee, hee I'm only 13"
13!! I need a quick escape
That's statutory rape
But she was good!

Chorus:

Good!

(you should been there she was)

Good!

(man that jail term won't be)

Good!

(but she looked)

Good!

(man her brothers will beat you)

Good!!

(even if I get beat down it was still)

Good!!

The story gets better, this girl is kinda clever
She said, "i wanna be with you forever"
I said, "forget it I need to get my life in order
You could almost be my daughter"
She started sighin' and her sighin' turns into cryin'
Her cryin' turns into her replyin'
"where's the phone? . I think it's time that I went home"
She called her pops and said, "come get me I'm all alone

I'm sorry daddy I slept with an older man"
He said, "don't worry. the 45 is in my hand.
I'll be there before you count to four."

One two three four

He's at my door

She said, "see what you did you caused me all this grief.

Your goin' to jail my daddy's a police chief.

If I can't have you no one will.

And I ain't even on the pill."

But you was

Chorus: repeat 6x

Good!!

Daddy walked in and the whole scene kinda changed
He grabbed his daughter and almost beat the girl insane

She's cryin' down the hall and now goin' home

He closed the door and, "i'm happy we're all alone

Jump on the bed and look me straight into my eyes

I think your kinda cute, don't make me use my 45"

Daddy's lookin' for a lubricant

He pulled out a little piece of gum and started chemwin' it

He said, "for year I've been lookin for a big strong man

I've got an apartment out in brooklyn

Only my daughter and I live there

You can see my daughter anytime, anywhere

But it's you that I want to be mine

The price tag is your behind

Don't worry it'll be

Chorus:

Good!!

The morale of this story?

There is no morale you finish the story for me

When your livin' your life everyday in the hood

Wakin' up in the mornin' should feel

Good!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Poisonous Product"

Back off, crack off, slack off
Act off your instinct
And think in a wink, or blink
I'll make your body shrink
I use ink and memory, my record companies selling me
My fans be telling me I'm the greatest
You hate this, rigid, metaphysical, criminal minded poet
Don't blow it, if it's lost, I'll show it
If it's torn, I'll sew it
It's kinda off beat yeah I know it
The styles I originate, I don't wait for fate
I practice love not hate
But mcs get ache
They wait and hesitate on the act
But always can debate on that trivial fact
This is krs and I'm black!
Same color as the brothers in iraq
War is wack, especially when you die in vain
Bush invaded panama, how can you really place blame on hussein?
Regardless of the name, the insane economic game has got to change
Like a range rover over the plains
I come equipped to rip shit
Not ignorant, intelligent - artistic - inquisitive - poisitive and negative
The sedative is the poetry I give
How yah live krs is in the house!

The poisonous product (is) pimped out to poor people
Penetrates pieces of their thinking equal
It comes in peaceful thru the "tell-lie-vision"
Distorts your vision
Now the lies got you wishin' thru transmission
You wanna be a better christitan
You wake up sunday mornin' to watch "tell-lie-vision"
Mission - christians be sayin "accept jesus in your life"
Christianaty was founded 400 years after christ
What are you accepitng in your life?
Christianty or the teachings of christ?
Make up your mind, they're not the same thing
In 1992 the blind leads the blind
Right into the ground they can't show you where God is
Because they haven't found!

First - put down your Bible and release your sins

The Bible is dead, God is alive
Within, metaphysically speaking, I'll be clear
You wanna see god? take a look in the mirror!
A tree is always known by it's fruit
A human being can walk up right or crawl like a brute
Yeah, now who do you salute? the barbarian teaches us to hate our roots!
Despise our culutre, look for culture in another man's existance
Resist this - resist this master plan...
To turn the black man into a statistic
Why? 'cause he's materialistic
He wants to make a record but thru none of the logistics of it
Love it or leave it alone
Blastmaster krs is on the microphone
In the houuuuuseee...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Questions & Answers"

Yo kris whassup this press stuff man?
Yo I don't money, I don't know, they frontin
Yo why we don't get no respect?
I don't know man
They got all them gangsta lookalike, know y'know
But you know what?
All them fraud magazines I'm tired of
I'm tired of us not bein on no covers
But you know what?
We rock the streets, anyway
Regardless to what anybody say
Well well, yo yo, I tell you
As long as you rip up the streets
You don't gotta have no press, youknowhati'msayin?
That's right
As long as you stay true to the streets
All these wannabe black, black, black
Black nuttin - you know, chewin all that black
Cause they ain't really reportin nuttin on no black nuttin
They wanna be right, and they wanna be, rap, and..
That's why I read the final call
The final call got it goin on, youknowhati'msayin?
Yeah
I mean, if you really wanna check out somethin black
I mean, all these other magazines, they got
They can only show you the light-skinned girl
Or the light-skinned guy, and all of that, yaknowhati'msayin?
I ain't with all that nonsense
Ha hah, we won't name any names
But they know who they are though!
Ha hah, knowhati'msayin? watch yourself
I don't know why we can't get no covers though!
Yo kris, I don't why
Cause we just slammin everywhere we go
Yo, bdp been rockin for like six years now
Six long hard rough years, youknowhati'msayin?
And, and for some reason
Everytime these commercial acts come out
They get the cover the first..
They could drop a twelve inch single
And they be snatchin up the cover
You know why? cause they don't wanna deal with reality
In any of these magazines

Hey kris, I got the answer to all your problems
What's that?
Just interview yourself
Interview myself?
Yeah!
Aight check it out
Kick it!

[krs-one]

Question: why everything you do is fresh?
Answer: my name, blastmaster krs
Question: you only write reality, why?
Answer: no time to waste, our people are going to die
Question: going to die? please explain this topic
Answer: some people are using ignorance to make a profit
Question: how do we stop it?
Answer: throw em in a jail cell and lock it
Question: why, are people so stupid?
Answer: they got a brain and fail to use it
Question: how did it get like this?
Answer: people are more worried about ass and tits and
Little bits of information
The barbarians teach us just to be barbarians in the nation
This new creation
Takes on the manifestation of the board of education
Question: what's the solution?
Answer: organized, revolution
Question: revolution implies killing..
Answer: whether you fight or talk, the blood is
Still spilling, and we're chilling
Thinking of our history as elmer fudd
Everything, black people got in this country
They got through shedding their blood, word!

But they ain't gonna print all that
They too concerned about what you wearin
What kind of benz you got, or bm
But I think this year
Since we knockin all these sucker frauds out,
You might get some press
But when you talk that conciousness -
Nobody wants to listen
Word up, it's a crying shame though
I, ah-i tell you this though
If I was talkin sex and all that nonsense
I'd get all the covers
Yo kris, just chill, and interview yourself
That's what I like to hear
Aight aight check it out

[krs-one]

Everything you learned in law school
Can be taught, when you're six years old
But they make you wait and wait and wait and wait
And wait, and of course, the information, is then sold
But what if you can't afford to pay?

You walk around ignorant all day!
The pimp don't care, it's really your decision
Kick up that money hoe!! oh, I mean tuition
They be dissin, that ass you be kissin
Sittin in a room with a liar, and you must listen

Question: who are you dissin?
Answer: the concept that turns a rapper, into a dancer

Question: are you really all that fresh?

Answer: yes, yes.. yes!

Or, "si," to the people speakin spanish
You better make use of krs, before he vanish

But all these magazines'll vanish before you will
They better start printin the real real hip-hop
From bdp

Yo yo but check it out will
They ain't interested in no real hip-hop
They ain't interested in graffiti art, breakdancin
And real rap music, they just wanna know where the money is
Why why why?

Yo I think some of these journalists
Need to start gettin punched in they face
Hah, I got a big fist

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Say Gal"

This one hyah, is a must
Let top selector crush y'all with skill
Cause ya know it's so skillful
Long time for reggae music no hip-hop music
Could take it with said speed
So come.. bust!

[krs-one]

All you see in the newspapers nowadays
Is nuff gal talk bout them been raped
And them been molested and them been beat up
And them been all sexed up, seen? hahahah
But now krs-one comes to give you this
Come down, come down, come down

Well now you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?
Say gal! you wan good sex we can tell?
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt
Say gal! you're lookin like you really want.. want..
Gal! don't tell me you can wear what you want
Cause nowadays a most dem gal a dressin like a slut
Say gal! a woman must, respect herself
Say gal! so leave the see-through dress upon the shelf

Because you're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! you don't wan man call ya bitch
Say gal! you walk down the street with a switch
Say gal! have the answer, control your body
Say gal! you know you kyan't test me
You wanna hug me, you're kinda sexy
But if me rush up an' feel your body
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

Say gal! krs keep one lady

Say gal! all ya kind, nah nobody rush me

Say gal! at the show, ya move ya body

But, I better show now what ya wan' with me

Don't try to set me up now witcha own demo tape

Don't try to set me up now wit the statutory rape

You wanna hug me, and try to sex me

But if me rush up an' feel your body

Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Reeeeeeeeeeeewind!

Now all hip-hop reggae crew

Hip-hop reggae crew in holland

Hip-hop reggae crew in london

Hip-hop reggae crew in germany

Hip-hop reggae crew in japan

Hip-hop reggae crew in l.a.

Hip-hop reggae crew in new york

We run tings every single time

Sydney mills, krs-one, kenny parker, d-square, seen?

Now all golddigger hold tight

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?

Say gal!you wan good sex you can tell?

Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt

Say gal!you're lookin you really want.. want..

Gal! don't say ya wear what ya want

Cause nowadays most gal dress like a slut

Say gal! a woman must, respect herself

Say gal! so leave that see-through dress up on the shelf

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

[kenny parker]

This should take five seconds

Yo, this is dj kenny parker in the house

I just wanna say peace to my man bizmarkie

Epmd, de la soul, a tribe called quest

Shabba ranks, ice-t over on the west coast

Nice and smooth, gangstarr

And umm kid capri

And yo check out this next beat

Cause it's kinda funky!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"We In There"

Yeah.. ahh, back to that old shit!
For all you fake-ass teachers out there
Aiyyo kris.. break this shit up!

[krs-one]

The type of lyrical terrorism I present
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent
You've been hearin me now for the past twelve semesters
When the suckers stepped up, I had to use the drastic measures
I know you want to step to me kid!
But you're thinkin, "damn, kris is kinda big!"
Plus he rolls wit a crew that don't care
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year
From your eye drops a tear
I don't play that shit, I play that hit
Your whole gangsta image is not legit
You heard _criminal minded_, and bit the whole shit
Now if I punch you in your face I'd be wrong
Don't even think about battling with a song
You'll be gone, your career ain't strong enough to call my bluff
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed
With your ribcage crushed
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks
You know my fuckin name
Blastmaster krs is thinkin long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

[krs-one]

They are in there, like you'll soon be in prison
(you await and this is faggot, your ass you'll be given)
Who you kiddin? you're only tryin to rock a party
You ain't really down to shoot nobody
So why you frontin? sayin from the cops you be runnin
In jail in a pair of panties you look just stunning
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl
Until your ass is bein pumped by some faggot named lionel
In jail you ain't got respect
You a fairy, I'll be takin your commisary
And the picture of your sister, mister
As seamy as pee-wee herman, I ain't trying to diss her
This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed
I'm just thinkin long range

People died so I can rhyme..
You think I'm gonna grab the mic and waste my nation's time?
Step up with that weak shit
You're psychologically, historically, and spiritually sick
Plus you're on my dick
Changin the subject, your rhyme style ain't correct
You know my fuckin name!
Blastmaster krs is thinking long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (*repeats*)

Krs.. kenny parker.. willie d.. from long island
Heather b.. ska-danks..
D-square.. sidney mills..
Ha-ohhhh.. go brooklyn, go brooklyn!
Go bronx! (go brooklyn, go brooklyn!)
The bronx! yell southside bronx!
Southside bronx! southside bronx!
Southside bronx! southside bronx!
Southside bronx, arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Sex & Violence"

Hu hah!
Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!
And you just don't stop, fiyah!
And you just don't stop
Prince paul in the house, lick two shots
Come down!pom pom! pom pom!
Pom pom! check it out!

Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and.. wheela!

Nuff man dem come again my selectin
On and on cause why? we run tings every time
Uptown massive just settle
Brooklyn chill out!
Now we come down ruff and wicked from the bronx, seen?
Come down my selector!

All crew just hold tight
Nuff respect, check it out!

R&b now run tings again an'
Rock'n'roll now run tings again an'
Commercial rap star run tings again
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it
Shabba ranks him inna hip-hop style
Ziggy marley inna hip-hop style
? ? ? inna hip-hop style
Krs-one in de dance, make a man go wild
Krs the artical don
Rock from ja-pan, all the way to brooklyn
Open in the bronx, at the puerto rican
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot
Me never listen to all them slow jam
They wanna talk bout a woman and man
Give me a jam that, is not a scam
Can you address mine self, who I am?

Check it!
Check it!

Me don't wan sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Look on the radio, them talk bout sex

Look man tv, there nuff violence

Krs him always make sense

But the radio station have no intelligence

Inna america the problem is immense

Inna england the problem is immense

Up in the bronx, yes the problem is immense

Every man and woman wan sex and violence

You kyan't see this it's, ignorance

You kyan't see there is no intelligence

You kyan't see there is no common sense

When you think of entertainment, there's sex and violence, so

R&b now run tings again an'

Country music now run tings again an'

Commercial rap now run tings again

Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it

Check it!

What? me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Everybody inna hip-hop style

I.c.u. inna hip-hop style

Krs inna hip-hop style

Yes ? cause dance go wild

You never know see a kid learn quick

Him want money so him flash down lyric

Him want money so him flash down lyric

Pure, sucker screw but where him get it?

Sucker screw is entertainment

Sucker screw the people want it

Sucker screw but we revere it

So aids now becomes the epidemic

Me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

R&b now run tings again an'

Commercial rap now run tings again

R&b now run tings again

Country music you're lookin at your end
Krs the artical don!
A from japan all the way to brooklyn
Up in the bronx at the puerto rican
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"How Not To Get Jerked"

"and now, a word from our sponsor.."

[krs-one]

Now technically speakin I ain't 'sposed to be doin this
Like givin information to the ones that are new to this
You wanna make a record and get into the business?

Here's a little plan from a six-year witness

First you gotta understand the music game

It's not about fame, it's about a rich name

And who you're down with, and who you clown with

But most of all, you got to have a gift ("it's like that")

Either music or the fresh lyrics

Or a vibe; people like to buy your spirit

Everybody knows krs-one is dope

To really see it, you gotta use a telescope, hah!

There's no hope when you're shoppin for a deal

Either sex appeal, or the hard street feel

But if you don't have a lawyer you're a goner

Don't even think about chillin in a sauna

You need a lawyer, and a good manager

Without this, the record companies won't be havin ya

So I'm grabbin ya now and showin ya how

Not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" *16x*

"one, two, three, whoo!"

[krs-one]

Yo, there's more to it, but let's get through it

Many mc's reached the top and then blew it

You say, "i knew it, that last jam was wack"

Either you're strung out on crack, or you don't wanna

Be black anymore, or, you don't wanna rap anymore

Or, you do a wack tour, or, you get in trouble with the law

Or, your fans you ignore, or, you get punched in the jaw

Cause, you're not hardcore!

What makes a jam isn't luck or fate

It's writin the jams that the people can relate to

Or else they'll hate you

The public will mark you down as a fake crew

You don't need all that

Just rap from the heart and you'll have a good start

But a lot of mc's want girls
And wanna live on top of the world
In the jam they wanna flirt
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" *16x*

[krs-one]

Now understand, rap is rebellious music
Therefore, only the rebel should use it
But pop artists abuse it
When the audience hears real rap, they boo it
See rap music is a culture
And everyone outside that culture is a vulture
The vulture makes money on the culture
Understand, I ain't tryin to insult ya
But you're either usin rap like the devil
Or you're pushin rap to another level
So don't wait for your company's promotions staff
Promote yourself with your own cash!
But this might mean you can't buy gold
You might have to put that on hold
Cause if the artist falls, they diss him!
But if the company falls, the artist falls with them!
This ain't about a tight skirt
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Who Are The Pimps?"

Stick up!!!

All gwan put your hands up in de air
And turn around with your face to the ground
Stick up!!!

Here we go

Who are the pimps? Who are the pimps?
Wimps, sitting behind a desk
You only get a glimpse of the action or reaction
When you don't respond to them TAXING
You fuck a lot when you're tax exempt
Like with the church, the rules were somehow bent
The more money you make, the more money you can have
You lose your mind after a while trying to just
Grab and grab and grab and grab and grab
Until the pimps roll around real mad, what they say?
"Pick up that money hoe!"

You done all the work, but now a part of the show
You're a hoe, you pimped all around real fresh
Got letters on they chest spelling I, R, S
And they be taxing, asking, sitting back relaxing
Pimping asian, european, blacks and chicano
Hah hah! But they can't pimp a wino
Why? Because a wino don't want nuttin
It's when you try to get ahead they start frontin
Capitalism -- the system of pimps and hoes
I'm sorry that's the way it goes
In this particular system everyone's a slave
Racist is how they want us to behave
White Johnny, be fighting black Michael
Both are blind to the system's sick cycle
In a circle psychotically they slay each other
With a grin, because of color of a skin
"Pick up that money hoe!" (3X)

Now we don't want to get you all alarmed
A little education never did you no harm
When Africa's free the African will be free
Capitalism says we're ALL in slavery
They're not looking at the color of a human brother
April 15th they're looking at your mother!
"Pick up that money hoe!"
You work all week, and now your money has to go

To a pimp, and it's you that limp
They cut your check and take a tenth
Don't wanna hear no lip, about support of family
Cause on a piece of paper that's a fantasy
They don't care if you're in a bad mood
Your wife needs shoes, your kids need food
Uh-uh, pick up that money honey
The pimps so serious they're funny!
They'll look you straight into your face
And tell you that your money's going to a good place
Like Social Security or Welfare
But if you go to the Bahamas you'll see them all there
"Pick up that money hoe!" (4X)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Real Holy Place"

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
The only way to talk to God is in church?
Hah hah hah, you must be kidding
For years they kept God hidden
Look for God in self, not in what's written
Turn this up and listen

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian
whip cracks

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian
whip cracks

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian!!!
whip cracks twice

Your whole culture's missing
Hebrews are african, see they originated judaism
The belief in one God is monotheism, see the truth is not hard
All you gotta know is the facts
When religion mixes with politics... it all gets wack

You gotta know your history, or they'll tell you that God is a mystery
And when you're born, you're born in sin
That's bullshit. that's bullshit!
They're only saying you can't win
You can't succeed, you can't acheive
Don't ask about god, just sit there and believe
Well I ain't tryin to hear that lesson
Cause one thing I know
Cause one thing I know
Cause one thing I know is that the truth can always be questioned
Yeah that's how I'm livin
Ask and ye shall be given
When you're lyin, hah hah hah, you got no answers
You got handclappers and a whole lotta dancers
In the church or sanctuary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary!!!
That hung out with criminals
I would say read the Bible but it's not the original
So it's really misleading

If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you're reading
If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you've read

You can't taste the nectar
That answers the question on why I do lectures
Cause where every mc claims to be the teacher, I be dissin professors
Keep that Bible on your shelf
God helps those that help themselves
Stop reading from a dead book

Stop reading from a dead book for a live god!
You know how stupid you look!
God reads the Bible with you
You both read the language of the devil that's dissing you
What can the next man do
With a Bible in his hand that you yourself can't do?
Whether christian, buddhist, muslim, or jew
Burning candles don't get you down with the universal crew

So why you dress up on easter and worship a false mary
That looks like mona lisa? hah hah, damn you lost
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? *bells jingle*
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? *bells keep jingling*
On christmas what's the purpose of santa claus!!!
Or saint nickalaus, I'm sick of this wickedness
All revolutionaries check this

I'm not synthetic
I'm not anti-christian, anti-muslim, anti-buddhist, or anti-semetic
But I will set it off in the temple
Cause the real holy place is mental
The real holy place is mental
The real holy place is mental *starts echoing*
The real holy place is mental *echoing a lot*
The real holy place is mental!
The real holy place is mental!!!

Mental-physical, metaphysical